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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HIS FIRST SERMON AS A WASHINGTON PASTOR.

Preached Before a Vast Multitude—Eloquent and Picturesque Discourse on "All Heaven Looking On"—Paul Standing in the Amphitheater.

New Field of Work.

Those who know that no church in this or foreign countries has been able to hold the audiences that have assembled when it was announced that Dr. Talmage would preach will not be surprised that vast multitudes attempted in vain to hear his first sermon as pastor in Washington. The subject of his opening sermon at the national capital was, "All Heaven Looking On," the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrews xii, 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In this my opening sermon in the national capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I behold myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers besides Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly forty-three years in this conspicuous pulpit. Long distant be the year when that gospel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel or sheath the sword with which he has struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same gospel that he has preached and to join you in all kinds of work for making the world better, and I hope to see you all and see me, but don't all come at once; and without any preliminary discourses as to what I propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Where Paul Stood.

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world—the amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena when the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations, or galleries as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half-starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

A Cloud of Witnesses.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race, sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

The fact is that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verify believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul.

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen, reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of the spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer.

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be

one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him I have offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trojan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think when they contend against an evil habit that they have to fight it all alone. No. They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through, I will show you that you fight in an arena, around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our king, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our king hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordman or the lion beat, but our king's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard of condescensions! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

In the Arena.

They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our king has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are one of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

In all the anguish of our heart, The Man of Sorrows bore a part. Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said, "That was not fair; the lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame, shame!" at such meanness. But the king, in this case is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The king is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in him!"

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are—the angels that swing the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a soul out of temptation. All these are messengers of light. Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These at creation stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the newborn world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 chariots of God and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels.

Familiar Figures.

I look again, and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of 6,000? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—884,000—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group, Felicitas of Rome and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are together—a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said, in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night!" Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed, as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ!" The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red-hot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals, and then thrown to the dogs; they were drenched with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight, all the world over, bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry, "Courage! The fire will not consume! The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage, down there in the arena!"

What are they all looking at? This sight we answer back the salutation they

give, and cry, "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!"

Eminent Christians.

I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy. Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him. Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius. Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There are George Whitefield and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries—David Abbel, talking of India redeemed, and John Scudder of China saved, and David Brainerd of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burma took heaven by violence. All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweated in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anatomized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?
Toplady shouts in his old hymn:
Your harp, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Lend to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied:

A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky!

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life? Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children, do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay, I see that child running his hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret; mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the king to call us, saying, "Come up higher." Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown."

In the Arena or Gallery?

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and joy of the scene. Gallery of the king! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throng! Throng! Throng! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beam-ing on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us, shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us! No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us! No, ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us! No, we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Be faithful to my Lord,
And bear the cross, endure the pain.
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die,
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh, I heard the roll call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name." I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls we shall cry: "Here! Here!"

A Swiss scientist has been testing the presence of bacteria in the mountain air, and finds that not a single microbe exists above an altitude of 2,000 feet.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

GREAT VARIETY IN THE STYLES FOR THIS SEASON.

High-Necked Gowns Lavished with Ornamentation—Buttons that Cost More than the Dress—New Street Modes and Handsome Princess Model

New York correspondence.

OVERLTY and elegance in ornamentation are now lavished on high-necked gowns, for reception, street and home use, and the evening gown is made with a severity and simplicity that makes a woman dependent upon her charms. A dress with skirt sweeping from the hips, with the bodice cut off the shoulders and set about the cut-out with overhanging panels, and with shoulders slightly elaborated by spreading pieces over the puffed sleeves, is the usual design for evening dress, and in such a woman blessed with fine shoulders and neck is a lovely thing to look at; but if she isn't thus favored, what shall she do?

In these circumstances, it is but natural that the women who dare not essay low-cut bodices should strive to make the dresses that are permitted them highly elaborate, and they are doing this already to such an extent that it seems as if by midwinter it would be



BUTTONS THAT COST MORE THAN THE DRESS.

the evening dress rather than the house gown that is synonymous for simplicity. Whether this result will be so far-reaching as to affect street dresses is as yet an open question. The promenade dresses of late fall are markedly characterized by simplicity, so far as cut is concerned, and usually the fabrics are modest enough, though occasionally one sees some startlingly assertive novelty goods. Ordinarily, too, the scheme of trimming is of the most slender proportions, but the devices employed contain a hint of what the angular women may do if their plumper sisters do not relax the rules for evening attire in the former's favor. Two street dresses of the type alluded to appear in these first two sketches, and at a glance they are simple enough, an impression that is strengthened by their material; but the buttons of the first dress were of the two-dollar-a-pair sort, and of the second were nearly twice as expensive. Whatever a woman can mean by this strange contrast between stuff, general plan, and ornaments, except it is to urge the plump contingent, through sheer envy, to at least accord bourgeois rights to the scrawny sisters, is hard to say. But one direct result of this rivalry, since such dresses may be worn by women of any sort of figure, is that it is easy to have fashionable street gowns at the most moderate cost, just by selecting buttons



BUCKLES, TOO, THAT ARE EXPENSIVE.

that are priced by the dozen rather than singly. A third example of slight but expensive trimming sufficing for a street dress is next presented by the artist, who

finds it in a handsome gray cloth. In construction it is simplicity itself, the bodice being pointed back and front and without darts, as the fullness is pleated at the waist. The fastening is at the left side. Four double bows of green velvet are put on the skirt, as indicated, and are held by elaborate cut steel buckles, the same sort of ornamentation appearing at the shoulder. With these buckles, it is as with the fancy buttons already mentioned; they may be of the most expensive cut steel, or may be something cheaper that is more novel and almost as handsome. Much is still heard about petticoat and Louis XVI. fashions, but the only



A HANDSOME PRINCESS MODEL.

suggestion of the former that is often seen is the trimming of the seams in front, making the front breadth of a skirt seem panel like. Often this front breadth appears to button to the side breadths, and in some cases actually does as far as the knees, there being no placket hole at the back. In other cases, the seams are strapped either side of the front with contrasting material, or they are outlined with braid or bead. Princess dresses, which were promised in abundance as forerunners of the fashions just mentioned, are certainly plentiful enough, whether they fulfill a mission of pioneering or not. Here in the fourth picture there is a very fashionable one in indigo blue cashmere figured with gold embroidered dots and combined with pearl gray cashmere covered with black and gold soutache. The front panel is of the gray material, and extends to the neck, where it takes on a yoke effect. This is gained by the blue cashmere, which forms fitted jacket parts and is trimmed with black soutache galoon. All the remainder of the gown is of the blue stuff trimmed with soutache, as indicated, and lined with pale blue taffeta. The fashion of having the bodice all of one color or material, with revers and shoulder pieces contrasting, is distinctly gone by, for, though the two materials are there just the same, they are employed in a very different way.

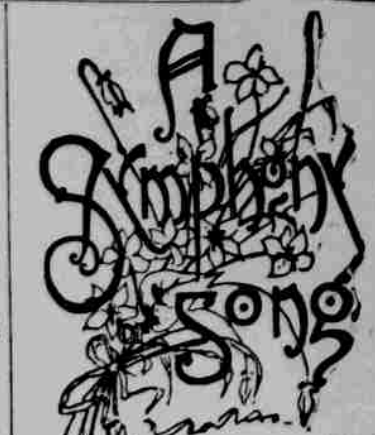


BOTH WELL OUTFITTED.

One favorite arrangement is to have skirt and sleeves match, and the rest of the bodice of a contrasting stuff. This allows a good effect to be made with a really small amount of the richer stuff. Gowns, for instance, of comparatively simple wool goods are made dressy and even rich by having the bodice, all but the sleeves, of a rich brocade or velvet. In the same way the gown of sober that is made brilliantly effective by a bodice, sleeves excepted, of a brightly flowered silken stuff. In other instances the sleeves are left plain, and the bodice is covered with lace, spangles or applique ornaments. Often the overlapping drapery of the shoulder is made to correspond with the fronts and back of the bodice, and, therefore, to contrast with the sleeves. In the costume of full size shown in the final picture the use of cloth and velvet together is oddly devised. The bodice is of cloth, is fitted, fastens at the side and has a seamless back, while the front is slashed to admit insertions of velvet. Its velvet sleeves have cloth puffs with pointed slashes at the top, and silk passementerie ornaments that match those on the skirt, trim the bodice. On the skirt these cords outline a band of velvet.

Copyright, 1895.

Fairy was once a beautiful woman.



A Farewell.

Months of sunny life and fair
Days that fitted—none knew where!
Hours of pleasure, hours of pain,
Hours that ne'er can come again.
They are gone, but do you find
You can leave them all behind?

Come not memories evermore
Drifting round you from that shore?
Words which lessened every care,
Thoughts no other e'en could share,
Duties that we ever met
With one thought—can you forget?

Can you calmly thus efface
From life's tablet every trace
Of the hopes and prayers and tears
We have shared in all these years?
Can we all these memories smother,
And "be nothing to each other?"

When for us life's task is o'er
And we tread its path no more;
When, mid shadows dimly falling
We shall hear the angels calling,
As we calmly stand and wait,
Just outside the golden gate—

Then will these dark moments seem
But a phantom or a dream.
In that dawn of purer light
You will read all things aright,
False words will not seem as true—
In that morn—Adieu! Adieu!
—Lillian Whiting.

Her Fan.
Flutter of feathers and perfume of lace,
Carved sticks of ivory, daintily white—
Plump little Cupids with mischievous
faces,
Ah, could I but read your expression
aright!

Say, do you know, are you wholly un-
feeling,
As you peep one another with roses so
sweet?
Do you not know that my heart she is
stealing,
To trample it under her pearly-shod
feet?

Almost I think you exult in the glances
Your owner bestows when she seeks to
enslave;
Know you no cure for wounds from
love's lances?
Have you no power her victims to save?

Swiftly she whirls in the maze of the
dances,
Slyly you laugh as you peep from each
fold,
And thus one more victim of coquetry's
fancies
Questions in vain, his fate is untold.
—Lucy Mayo Warner, in Boston Budget.

The Kiss.
Sweet Phyllis, one bright summer day,
Upon a rose a kiss impressed;
A butterfly which chanced that way
In turn the blushing bud caressed.

It stole the kiss and straightaway flew
Oh, fickle heart! into a glade,
And there, upon a violet blue,
In ecstasy the kiss it laid.

The zephyr sighing through the trees,
The floweret's tender fragrance slips;
The kiss is wafted on the breeze,
And finds a home upon my lips.

And now, when'er your face I see,
I feel oppressed by weight of debt,
To think I've kept your kiss with me
So long and not returned it yet.

It has deprived me of my bliss,
Has caused my throbbing heart to burn;
Say but the word and I the kiss
With compound interest will return.
—Boston Traveller.

Because I Love You.
Because I love you, dear,
Much sorrow do I bear;
Yet joyfully those sorrows meet,
And with my heart I hold them sweet—
Because I love you, dear,

Because I love you, dear,
No jeweled crowns I wear;
But crowns of cruellest thorns to me
Are soft as rosiest wreaths could be—
Because I love you, dear,

Because I love you, dear,
I tread the darkness here;
But sweet flowers blossom in the snow,
And loveliest lights in darkness glow,
Because I love you, dear,
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Consti-
tution.

Dorothy.
Dorothy gives me a kiss for the asking,
Sweeter than ever I've tasted before,
Ever in Dorothy's love am I basking,
Taking her kisses and asking for more.

Dorothy runs down the pathway and
meets me,
Laughs when I tell her I've missed her
all day;
Life seems the brighter when Dorothy
greets me,
In such a charming young womanly way.

Dorothy sits in my lap in the gloaming,
Tells me she loves me a bushel or more,
Long may it be ere her thoughts turn to
roaming—
God keep my Dorothy—daughter of love,
—Potter's.